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Reading Room Divinity School

1822
1885

Let Us Have Peace!

—U. S. GRANT.

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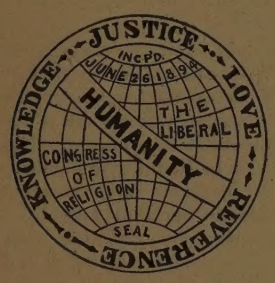
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1897. NUMBER 9.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

The supreme subjective powers in this great man were duly shaping his course, justice controlling his relations to mankind, and courage to obey their call. These shine as the stars of his character in all his public life and toil; these illuminate the lessons of Grant for the tuition of the future. LUTHER LAFLIN MILLS.

One of the memorable days in Chicago was the dedication of the equestrian statue of Gen. Grant at Lincoln Park, in the month of October, 1891. This week it is New York's pride to dedicate a fitting tomb to the great captain, whose most fitting epitaph is his own words, carved on the front of the beautiful Doric porch, and which we have placed upon the title-page of this issue,

"LET US HAVE PEACE!"

The monument itself, while falling short of architectural genius, proving too plainly that no creative impulse has reached the architects of this generation that will justify their departure from classic models, does demonstrate the good taste and the good judgment that has worked out a noble monument after noble ideals. The sunk tomb, the porphyry sarcophagus, carved out of a Wisconsin quarry, suggests somewhat painfully to our mind the Napoleon model, for Grant does not belong to the great conquerers of the world. He took the sword reluctantly and for a high purpose, and his military achievements, great as they were, pale in the presence of the readiness with which he sheathed his sword.

"Let every soldier who claims a horse or a mule, take him home. He will need him to put in his crops," Were his great words at Appomattox. His story will never stir to martial ardor the heart of any young man, except when a noble principle is at stake.

It is late in the day for the Chicago press to boast of the fact that George Gray Barnard, whose ability as a sculptor is now the object of so much discussion in artistic circles, was a Chicago boy, and that he struggled towards power on one hundred dollars a year. It is easy enough to be generous to genius when it has compelled recognition. Alas! how dull is the world still to the aspirations and the strivings of the worthy when the struggle is severest.

Mrs. J. W. Andrews, beloved as the first leader of the Woman's Alliance movement among the Unitarians, more widely known as the tireless worker in the interest of the Ramabii Association, is spending some weeks in Chicago visiting her son, who is the librarian of the Crerar Library. If we did not know that Boston needs her so much, we would hope for her transplanting. She is the kind of material that ought to move West and grow up with the country.

Mr. Stevenson, the librarian of the Carnegie Library, at Allegheny, Pa., has taken the initiative in a line which we predict many libraries will eventually follow. The novels of Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Holmes, and Mr. A. C. Gunter are to be retired as they are worn out, he having persuaded himself that such reading does not lead to the reading of better novels. In the *Library Journal* he deplores the fact that even in favored Allegheny nine tenths of the reading is devoted to fiction.

Dr. Orello Cone, recent president of Buchtel College, writes: "I am glad to receive information regarding the Congress. I am as much as ever in sympathy with its work, and am anxious to do what I can for its support." The Congress must find its constituency among the thoughtful. The scholars have ever been taunted with impracticability, doubtless justly so if practicability is to be interpreted as skill in raising funds and agility in "doing" the things that attract and charm for the day, but pass away and are forgotten with the generations.

The visit of Baroness Bertha Von Bülow of Dresden to this city is an occasion of great interest to the kindergarten-workers of this country. They

delight to honor the name that has done so much for the children. Last week she was in attendance at a congress of kindergarteners at St. Louis, and this week a reception was tendered her in Chicago, in the parlors of All Souls Church, by the kindergarten-workers of our city. Many of the prominent educators of the city were present to do her honor. The church was prettily decorated in white and green. She is a niece of the strong woman who had so much to do in introducing the kindergarten idea into France, Holland, and England.

"Bird Songs or Bonnets?" This is a caption of an editorial in the *Christian Register*. It tells of a public meeting held at Cambridge, addressed by Colonel Higginson, Mr. Crothers, Mr. Hoffman the naturalist, Mrs. A. F. Palmer, and others. The editor speaks plain words of that ideality of woman that culminates in the "inspiration of slaughter." It also reminds us that the properly decorated bonnet often means the life of ten birds. Miss L. Freeman Clark is prolonging the benign ministry of her father, James Freeman Clark, by giving much attention to the distribution of leaflets on this subject. Her address is Jamaica Plains, Mass.

The *Outlook*, generally so clear, has an article in its last number on "What Is a Christian?" which will puzzle many. In this article we are told that "a man may be a good man, but not a Christian; he may be a devout man, and not a Christian; he may even be what the church calls 'saved' and not a Christian." And then, further along, we are informed that "he is a Christian only as he follows the Christ, with some explanations or no explanations. He may do it without any theory." The editorial closes with the assurance that it is the Christ-life which makes a man a Christian. Why is not a good man a Christian, then? Or if not, then does it matter much whether he be a Christian or not, only so he be good in the high fashion in which Jesus the Nazarene was good?

In the death of Professor Edward B. Cope, which occurred on the 12th of April, America has lost one of its most brilliant scientists, a man who not only won fame as a specialist in palæontology and biology, but a man who was a thinker, one who grappled with the great problems that underlie religion and morals, one to whom we fondly looked for help in the solution of the problems to which THE NEW UNITY is committed. We had hoped that his voice might be heard at Nashville next October. The attitude and message of Professor Cope have been lucidly interpreted in these columns from time to time by our associate, Mr. Powell. We trust that at an early date we may be able to present to our readers a worthy estimate of this man's life-work from Mr. Powell's pen

Mrs. Woolley talked last Sunday to the Independent Liberal Church of Chicago in answer to the question, "What is the Matter with the Churches?" The following extract from the morning paper shows how wisely she diagnosed the case. This radical disease can be removed only by radical remedies. Correctives avail but little; preventive treatment alone will suffice.

The period of business depression which we are passing through has affected the churches, necessitating many retrenchments and more careful business management, but, after due allowance is thus made, the question arises whether this is the only or most active cause of the churches losing influence. The proof of this loss is found not only in the diminishing numbers in many of our churches, and the consequent harder struggle for existence which they must maintain, but in the false, injurious methods of self-support which are employed. The spirit of worldly extravagance and display is almost as active in the churches as outside of them. Expensive piles of ecclesiastical architecture are found on all our streets, built upon debt, standing useless and empty except on Sunday. These might more fitly be regarded as the mausoleums of the dead hopes and withered aspirations which erected them.

Another cause of the churches' loss of power is found in the spirit of religious partisanship. A multitude of sects has come into existence through the old-time war of the creeds, each absorbed in its own pitiful problem of self-maintenance, each soliciting and preying upon the public for a large measure of its financial support. The spirit of religious unity is sadly ignored, and true spiritual joy and strength are destroyed by petty material cares, a constant load of business fret and worry. We need to get down to the old-time virtues of simplicity and sincerity in our church life, where the pulpit can speak its full and honest thought, unhindered by motives of worldly gain or loss; and where the congregations assemble, not from motives of caprice or vanity, or a grinding sense of duty, but from pure love of the religious life and joy in its exercises.

What does it mean when sober men, American-born, university-bred, comfortable livers, talk to excited mass-meetings of mob law and lynching? What does it mean when reputable and conservative journals warn men against the lamp-post and cord? This at least — that when this sort of thing is the only thing that citizens of Chicago wish to listen to it, is time for those who would betray them into the hands of greed and monopoly to stop and think whether they would not better be honest as a matter of good policy, and whether it is worth their while to drive home what may prove to be a terrible bargain.

An Experiment in Municipal Economy.

The last Nebraska legislature (populist) enacted a new charter for Omaha, which goes into effect after the city elections on April 20th. It contains some innovations so radical that it has become the subject of great interest and speculation to students of municipal government, as well as to the Omaha taxpayers, many of whom have wished to contest the law. We have not yet seen the full text of the new charter, but from the notes of the most striking of its features which have been published here, we believe that the experiment will prove a vast success.

Some of the provisions of the new system are:

That no bill or modification of a bill or account that has been rejected by the administration under which it was incurred shall be allowed by any subsequent administration, except by order of the courts:

That any officer or employee of the city who shall be in any manner interested in any municipal contract, or who shall accept any consideration or promise for his influence or vote, shall be fined in a sum not exceeding $1,000, or imprisoned in the county jail for not more than six months:

That no officer of the city shall solicit or receive the political support of any contractor, franchised corporation, or railway company. Nor shall any such corporation or individual seek to promote the success or defeat of any candidate running for office; a violation of this provision by an official is punishable by removal from office and a fine not exceeding $500, and by a corporation by the forfeiture of its franchise and a fine of $500 for every officer or agent of such company who shall be found guilty of such violation:

That the treasurer shall render an account at least once a month showing the exact condition of the treasury; any transfer of special assessment funds is expressly prohibited; all warrants must be signed by the mayor and comptroller; only 90 per cent. of the amount actually levied for taxes can be drawn against in any one year, and no indebtedness can be contracted in excess of the amount to which warrants can be legally issued:

That renewal bonds may be issued in a sum not exceeding $500,000, and the following section limits the bonded indebtedness of the city, exclusive of the district improvement bonds or bonds issued for erection of public buildings, parks, or the purchase of water, gas, or electric light plants, to not exceed $2,500,000; with these exceptions, to which renewal bonds are added, bonds to an aggregate of more than $200,000 cannot be issued in any one year, and no bonds except district improvement bonds can be issued until the proposition has been submitted to the people and approved by two thirds of the electors voting; twenty-year intersection bonds may be issued under similar restrictions to an extent not exceeding $100,000 in any one year.

That corporations should be debarred from participation in political campaigns is a consummation devoutly to be wished. That such a consummation should be attempted by depriving citizens who are also members of such corporations of their civic privileges is flagrantly unjust. Corporations must be crowded out of our governing machinery, but this is not the way to do it. If truth is truth good cannot be accomplished through evil.

The other provisions of the charter, so far as we have seen them, are most wholesome and reformatory. Omaha, with its far horizons, its wide, hazy valley, and the shining cliffs beyond, its sunny, wind-swept streets, its beautiful business buildings and pretty homes, its atmosphere of cleanness, freshness, and vigorous life, is one of the loveliest of our Western cities. It is a fitting starting-point for a regeneration of municipal government.

The following is taken from the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*. We wonder if it is applicable only to Chicago.

The political situation in Chicago needs no further explanation than is contained in the following advertisement in a Chicago newspaper:

SALOON.—Down-town; two years' lease; cheap rent; excellent opening for an alderman; principals only. Room 201, Roanoke Building.

The Chicago Disgraces and the Chicago Hope.

The persistent aggression of capital and capitalists upon the rights of the public in their use of the public domain for private ends in Chicago has at last reached a crisis which lifts the issue out of local importance into national significance. It will help public-spirited citizens in other cities to see that there is here the minimum of local color, the maximum of national danger and dishonor. Well does the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, after a column article of report and comment of the great public indignation meeting held in Battery D last week, conclude: "We must recognize the seriousness of the situation into which the American policy of giving away public franchises and monopolies to favorite bodies of capital has led us."

The situation is a plain one. For nearly fifty years the city of Chicago, in common with most of the cities in America, has given away its right to the public streets, in the way of franchises for street-cars, gas-mains, water-pipes, telephone and telegraph lines, with little or no compensation to the public. These franchises in the city of Chicago have proven to be of immeasurable value to the private corporations who have thus secured them. It has made multi-millionaires of those who have been at the center of these things. Now, as the term of these franchises is drawing to a close, these great monopolists, who have been enabled to amass great fortunes by the watering of their stocks and the accumulation of their profits, begin to realize that a public intelligence, the new science of economics, the brilliant examples of progressive and aggressive municipalities, notably the city of Glasgow, make it exceedingly improbable that they can for the second time so easily and cheaply secure these monopolies. Fearing a possible intelligence and integrity in the city councils of Chicago that will be in power six or more years hence, they have undertaken a short cut by carrying the question under a doubtful constitutional privilege out of the city council altogether, and are trying to secure the enactment of a state law that will perpetuate all existing franchises for fifty years more, promising, it is true, a compensation which in the aggregate seems to the uninitiated a princely sum, but which in fact is a sum fixed by these capitalists themselves, and a sum which the expert political economist readily discovers to be but an insignificant mite in the mass of property which belongs to all the people,—the highways upon which all people must travel. That there is a large amount of money within reach of the law-makers at Springfield who are willing to sell their votes at a consideration is so palpably true that scarcely any one pretends to deny it.

This state of affairs indicates a hopeful situation. The spasm of indignation is not a sign of degen-

eracy, but of awakening conscience. It is the hand-writing on the wall, which unscrupulous manipulators of capital understand too well. The indignation of the citizens, the unanimous and unqualified condemnation of the whole scheme by the daily press of Chicago, the uprising of the pulpit, the coming together of contending parties under the inspiration of a common patriotism and a common protest are all hopeful indications of the growth of the civic sense.

It is true that the end is not yet. The iniquitous bill has passed the Senate and is pending in the House. We dare not at present predict unqualifiedly its defeat, but one thing is sure, that the ignominy of all those who secure its success is already assured. "Judas" is written across the forehead of every voter for the bill, and no munificent generosity, in the way of princely contributions to public institutions, will in the future, as in the past, atone, in the public mind, for the action of the big thieves in society. Chicago must spell out its problem for itself, but for the benefit of other cities that are, in one way or another, confronted with the same problems. We make room for some of the extracts which the daily press gives from the pulpits of Chicago concerning this matter last Sunday.

Dr. Thomas is reported as saying:

While it must be conceded that in the matter of dispensation of grants and special privileges by aldermen the city had always had the worst of the bargain, it would be hard indeed to prophesy the result of placing all the power in the hands of a commission, all-powerful, which could more easily be swayed by such a force as the wealth behind Yerkes. He suggested as the only solution of the matter an appeal to the people whenever the question of such dispensation arose.

Rabbi Joseph Stolz of Isaiah Temple preached on the curse of bribery. In the course of his sermon he said:

Bribery at Springfield is not something new, but is always liable to occur where there are itchy palms, weak knees, and poor principles. If corrupt measures like the Humphrey bills are to be prevented, we should elect men to represent us whose lives we know are pure, and whose hands would be kept clean of bribes.

In this immense agitation, which the newspapers of the city are conducting against boodlers, I see signs of more hopeful times. When we begin talking about and realizing the evils in our body politic, we have reached a stage which at least forebodes civic health, and the rooting out of the "Hinky Dink," "Bathhouse John," John Humphrey style of statesmen.

Rev. J. Q. A. Henry of the La Salle Avenue Baptist Church spoke on Achon, the covetous fool:

The record reads, "and Achon * * * was taken." The punishment of Achon awaits every man who pursues his policy. Covetousness is an epitome of modern idolatry. Achon took an awful financial risk, and it resulted in the ruin of himself and his family. Many a modern is tinctured with Achonic blood. Greed, the inordinate love of money, is the subtlest and most seductive sin of modern life. The haste to be rich has filled business life with awful hazards. Covetousness has created a new hypocrisy, under the cover of which men, with infernal skill, are cheating their own souls, standing on the brink of hell, and defying the ethics of the universe.

Every financial risk is a moral risk. There is but a step between the scoundrel and deliberate swindler and death. There was no reason why Achon should have taken such chances. That men who have plenty, sweet homes, rare friendships, and every pleasure, should covet a little more, and expose themselves to the fury of hell in order to get it, is an unexplained mystery. Hunger, want of shelter, tremendous urgency of circumstance, extenuate the crimes of petty plunder. Men who were born and bred in darkness, poverty, and the outskirts of perdition, friendless, ignorant, and criminal inheritants, may be outwitted and deceived, but when men of rank and official dignity not only covet, but capture and conceal, the wedge of gold and the Babylonial garment, they are without excuse, and sooner or later must partake of Achon's punishment.

To accept a bribe, to embezzle trust funds, to cheat the body politic, to plunder the public treasury, is stealing, and traffic in the virtue and purity of the community. From the consequences of such reprehensible conduct there is no escape. Every act is a new link in the chain with which the man binds and strangles himself. The detection is inevitable, and the punishment is everlasting. To the inward fire of unquenchable self-accusation is to be added the overt and appaling punishment which an outraged society will certainly inflict. "All Israel stoned him with stones!" Boodle aldermen, boodle legislators, bank-embezzlers, defaulting clerks, grinding corporations, beware! The day is dawning when all Chicago will rise up to stone, bury, and forget you!

Rev. F. W. Millar of the Ryder Memorial Church spoke on civic awakening:

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the civic awakening through which our city is passing. It is a movement for municipal reform that will not stop until the government of the city has undergone a severe scrutiny from the people. The uprising is more than a spasmodic effort, promising more for municipal government than any other reform movement now afoot. The old notion that religion has nothing to do with politics has passed away. This far-reaching heresy has wrought incalculable mischief in the past, which led Christians to believe that the best way of dealing with the evil that exists is by cowardly seclusion, thereby withdrawing from the service of God and humanity forces which ought to make for truth and righteousness.

When the representatives of the people begin to legislate in favor of soulless corporations, giving away valuable franchises which belong to the people, their constituents ought to be able to say, "Stop! That is not what you are employed to do. Legislators should execute the wishes of the people who elect them."

Rev. R. W. White of the Stewart Street Universalist Church took for his theme, "Jesus as a Citizen":

The present attempt of certain money barons to steal the streets of Chicago for half a century is in evidence. If Jesus were in Chicago he would oppose the Humphrey bills. It is the attempt of a few men to override the rights of many men. Every principle involved in this proposed vicious legislation at Springfield is opposed to the spirit and teachings of Jesus. Let the churches of Chicago and its ministers note that fact.

The Humphrey bills should be opposed because they will create a gigantic and impregnable monopoly. These bills surrender Chicago streets for fifty years to a commission that in nine cases out of ten can be bought and sold — judging from the political timber we put into the average Springfield legislature. It is easier and cheaper to buy three men than to buy a whole council. The men who seek this sort of thing and the men who vote to make it possible are types of the kind of citizenship this country is cursed with; the kind of citizens who look upon property and their fellow-men as legitimate prey; who say, as Vanderbilt said, "The public be d—d." That is modern citizenship.

The significance of it all is, that in spite of public protest, in spite of the press, in spite of any power on earth, this corporation can succeed. A subservient senate does the bidding of the street-railway baron with the subserviency of a whipped cur or a slave. It looks as though the house would be equally pliant. These men care neither for threats, law, nor public sentiment.

Friendly Words.

The interest in the Nashville Congress, judging from our correspondence, is of the intelligent kind that will grow stronger as the day approaches. A few extracts from our letter-books will indicate.

Rev. W. D. Simonds of Madison, Wis., writes: "Permit me a word of cheer concerning your Liberal Congress work. The more I come to know of conditions here in the Middle West, the more I feel that, *as sure as fate*, the only liberal work that can largely prosper must be non-sectarian and non-ecclesiastical. It must appeal to the people, without regard to creed, or name, or condition. The people are ready to meet the liberal minister upon the liberal basis, but they never will do much under sectarian leadership upon any basis.

My own work is moving pleasantly, in no small degree because I am not and never can be sectarian. Whatever the church may be named, my sole interest is in the great principles which a united liberalism might, with tenfold more power, represent in the world. I hope to be able to help you more —financially and otherwise.

A Universalist minister in the Mississippi Valley writes: "In my effort to keep close to the interests of my church I found myself at first antagonizing the Liberal Congress so far as to the popular cry of warning against a 'another sect,' etc. I have said that I would not serve an independent church, but the effort to unite working elements under the banner of the denominational church has gradually changed my mind. I am now sure that an independent church is the only one that will unite the elements that ought to be united."

A Congregational minister writes: "What a splendid lot of names you have at the head of your paper (the officers of the Liberal Congress). Some of them I have known and respected for many years."

The following are a few sentences from the many responses received from the original signers of the first call in May, 1894.

From a New York City layman: "Yes; I am with you and for you."

From a Boston minister: "I am still with you and for you, and am willing to lend a hand, such as it is, though it must be without silver and gold in it. I began my work in this cause fifty years ago in the divinity school and have marched with the company ever since. With great respect for the staff and the work it is doing."

From the valiant and tireless Susan B. Anthony: "You may surely count on my sympathy with every word and work in the direction of freeing the human mind from the superstitions and bigotries that enslave it. If every person who really believes in law, and that everything in the spiritual world is governed by it, as is everything in the physical world, would simply acknowledge the fact, we should have very little need of waging war upon even the most conservative church people. But while I am personally one of the most earnest believers in the reign of absolute law everywhere, I must continue to devote my every energy and every dollar to the establishment of equal rights for women, under the constitutions and laws of the several states of the Union; for so long as all men conspire together to perpetuate the terrible injustice of denying one half the human family their right of self-government, there can be no real adjustment of affairs on the plane of religious liberty. Before that can come, we must have sufficient sense of right to demand and to grant political freedom and equality. I am glad you have decided 'On to Nashville!' as Horace Greeley decided in the war time, 'On to Richmond!' We, too, are going to Nashville, but in the spring. It would be nice if our two congresses came closer together, so that one trip would enable us to attend both."

From Indiana, a young literary man says: "Yes; I am still with and for the movement, and willing to lend a hand wherever I can."

From California: "I am much pleased with the change of name and most decided improvement all around. I shall make special effort to attend the Nashville meeting in October. I shall feel a deeper interest in the movement than ever before. With many wishes for its success."

From Prof. Shaler of Harvard College: "It is with sincere regret that I have to write that my engagements at the University are such as to render it impossible for me to take part in the Nashville Congress."

From Washington, D. C.: "I am still with you and for you, and willing to lend a hand."

From a Unitarian minister in Massachusetts: "I inclose check for the Congress. The idea is a great one. The only question is, whether we are yet civilized enough for it. If New England by itself, and Illinois by itself, could establish such an organization first, then a national one would come in due time, as a natural sequence. We are so scattered when we take the whole nation, but I still say that the idea is great, and I want always to stand by it."

From a minister in Texas: "Yes; I am still with you and for you most heartily, but unable to help financially. My society holds its own as to number, spirit, and courage. As soon as times improve with me, you will find me ready to lend a hand. The ability to do so, not the will, is lacking now."

From an editor in New York City: "I am still in full sympathy with the declared purpose of the Congress. I hope some day to be able to materially aid the movement, whose purpose is to bring about true religious fraternity. Be assured of my profound interest in the Congress."

From a Chicago suburb: "I received too great a baptism at the Parliament of Religions, and have enjoyed the Liberal Congresses too much to become lukewarm in its interest."

From a business man from the interior of the state of Illinois: "I am proud to think I was one of the original signers of the call, and am glad to say that I am still intensely interested in the movement. I have been a member from the first, have attended each annual meeting. I invest ten dollars a year in The New Unity; scatter all the liberal reading-matter I can get hold of. In the small village I live in I am doing all I can, to the best of my ability, to help on the good work. You can count me a life member. Will meet you at Nashville."

These words have in them the ring that cheers, the gospel accent that implies a purpose to help a needy world. If a hundred others would declare themselves in the next three months, we would come to Nashville not only with love in the heart, but with courage in the will.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Doubt.

The summer's night sweet gloom around us hung,
And filled with timid awe and childish dread
A little maid, who closely to me clung,
And feared, alone, the garden path to tread.

"A few short steps, and there 's the parlor bright;
Be brave and wise!" "It 's true," she said, "I know,
And yet how very strange, that to the light,
From out the dark, I am afraid to go!"

We of larger growth are much the same—
We people with our weakling doubts and fears
The road that leads to peace, or bliss, or fame,
And hide the light with our own foolish tears.

Quincy, Ill. EMMA A. CYRUS.

Sowing the Wind.

When the London and Northwestern Railway was discharging many of its faithful men last autumn, with the evident intention of destroying the labor organization, there was not only a storm of opposition aroused in the labor world and the daily press of all parties, but prominent stockholders wrote to the directors remonstrating with this action. The present effort of the street-railways, by the bribery of legislators, to steal privileges from the citizens of Chicago and other cities, furnishes the analogy of vigorous protests from organized labor and the daily press, but the faintest murmur of disapproval is yet to be heard from the stockholders of the different companies. When public opinion becomes both intelligent and moral, it will not hesitate to maintain that every stockholder of every street-railway in Chicago, should these bills pass, is a receiver of stolen goods, under just laws would be compelled to serve a term in a public penal institution, and is deserving of social ostracism on the part of all the self-respecting elements of the community. Public morality is so low at present in this and other American cities that citizens prominent in business, and even religious and philanthropic circles, can, in some incomprehensible way, retain a reputation for honesty and integrity, while entering into the most disreputable deals to misuse public privileges. Yet not merely every director, but every shareholder, of each of the street-railways of Chicago, should be branded as a thief, if the Humphrey bills are allowed to pass the Illinois state legislature without his protest. The day will doubtless come when ethical ideals will be high enough, not merely to ostracise such men socially, but to imprison them.

Meanwhile, one may see a fate impending which would probably be more repugnant to these men than public disapproval or ostracism. Mayor Pingree said, in his eighth annual message to the Detroit common council, in reference to the manœuvres of the street-railway monopoly of that city:

"I desire in this connection to give notice to bond-buyers, small and great, that the combination by which these roads were consolidated is absolutely void, is against public policy and the constitution of the state of Michigan, and that whoever purchases bonds after this notice does it with full knowledge of the illegality of the contract and the worthlessness of the bonds."

The policy of *apres nous le deluge* may end satisfactorily to Yerkes and a few of his intimates, who expect to get rid of their railway stocks and bonds before the vengeance of the people is achieved. The minor stockholders, however, will be left to suffer the penalty. If people would be prudent, take the advice of Mayor Pingree, and avoid investing in the railway securities, the chief criminals might be left to gather where they had sown. The people of Indianapolis have recently had an instance of the anarchic attitude of a street railway company. Those who are promoting these bills at Springfield, though they are apparently using legal means, are none the less anarchists. While it is unfortunately not possible to visit on them the penalty which fell upon the much less dangerous actors, or alleged actors, in the Haymarket tragedy, a punishment equally speedy and effective should be devised. Municipal reformers have been patient to a fault in devising methods for the correction of abuses incident to the present methods of street-railway control. The letter of the law has been observed, even though its spirit were contrary to the common interests and subversive of morality. No better excuse could be given them for the application of extreme methods than the passage of these Humphrey bills would afford. Every honorable citizen would be warranted in voting for the confiscation of the street-railways, absolutely without remuneration to the companies, on the expiration of their present franchises. Being unable to send the perpetrators of this great evil to the penitentiary, where the chief of them has already served a term, an even more drastic and successful punishment could be inflicted. The only misfortune attending such action would be the possibility that gullible citizens would become the scapegoats of the chief offenders.

In order to avoid the necessity of the application of such extreme methods of reform, it is of course the duty of every honest citizen to join in the protest against the passage of the Humphrey bills. It would be a misfortune to bring on the conflict which must follow if the suggested method of reform became necessary. Such needed and justifiable reform could hardly be instituted without these anarchists resorting to violence. Such a possibility, of course, ought not to deter the citizens from exercising their legitimate functions, but a safer way would be to forestall the necessity for such action. It may need such a lesson as the passage of the Humphrey bills and the application of their principles would afford, to arouse the lethargic citizens of Chicago, but it is to be hoped, in the event of their not passing, this agitation may prove the means of bringing about the only solution of the present transportation problems—municipal ownership.

CHARLES ZEUBLIN.

Henry Ward Beecher: A Decade of Posthumous Influence.

Just one week before the ides of March appeared this year, the calendar registered the close of a full decade since the death of Henry Ward Beecher. The death of Mrs. Beecher on this tenth anniversary of her illustrious husband's demise is a suggestive coincidence. Her survival during this decade has contributed much to Mr. Beecher's posthumous influence. There are more than a few people who did not discover the transcendent greatness of the famous Brooklyn divine until after he had left this world, and these belated admirers have asked questions about him which his surviving companion has been better able to answer than any other person could possibly have done. Her numerous articles about him, particularly that series in the *Ladies' Home Journal* five years ago on "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him," and one, more recently, describing him selling slaves in Plymouth Church, have been especially interesting to this class of his post-mortem admirers.

Of this class is the present writer. He feels now as one might feel who had been born and brought up among the foot-hills too near the base of Pike's Peak to note its eminence over surrounding peaks, but later conveyed to a point a little way out on the plains, to look back and behold that grand monarch of the mountains towering high above every other object in a vast area of space.

I was a junior in college when the newspapers announced the death of Mr. Beecher. The announcement affected me but little one way or the other. Another man of considerable note was gone. That was all it meant to me then. All my life I had breathed an atmosphere that was almost stiflingly "orthodox." For at least ten years I had seen and heard almost nothing about Mr. Beecher except in the way of severe criticism, or of warning against being influenced by his later teachings. I did have one college associate, however, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Beecher's sermons. One

Monday morning in the fall of 1885, this friend and myself were on the same train together. A newsboy came along and found my comrade a ready and eager customer. The paper he bought was at that time publishing every Monday the sermon preached in Plymouth pulpit on the day previous. Turning first of all to the column which contained this sermon, and pointing to the heading, my friend said: "Nothing in the newspapers these days equal to this column. A week or two ago there was a sermon on St. Paul. It was simply grand, especially the peroration. I doubt if Mr. Beecher ever did better in his whole life. 'The grand old man has had a life of hard struggle,' he said, 'but it is all over at last. He is now to enter upon his reward. Nero's block is near, but it has no terrors for the old man who has fought such a good fight, kept the faith, and finished his course.' Any man who does n't read Beecher's sermons does n't know what he loses."

But "none of these things moved me" to read those sermons. About a year and a half before this, I had tried to read one of them in this same paper, but found it slow and sleepy business. About two years before this, I had seen and heard Mr. Beecher lecture, and was disappointed, so much so that when he came to my town again to lecture, I refused to go and hear him, and made no effort to go a few miles away to hear him preach on the following Sunday. A phrenologist would have said I had no Beecher "bump" in my cranium.

This lack of appreciation of this good and great man lasted with me more than four years after his death. Then I seemed suddenly to awake to a realization of his greatness as from a sleep or stupor. It was a case of prizing the music after "the sweet-voiced bird had flown"; of slighting the flowers till the frost had killed them.

But, though my awakening did come late, I have been thankful that it did not come later. Paradoxical enough, it came by means of a dream. It was in the summer of 1891. I was preparing a lecture for a Chautauqua assembly on a subject that I called "Notes on Notables"—a kind of medley of miscellaneous remarks and observations upon certain noted men and women I had seen and heard. I had fourteen "notables" in all, Henry Ward Beecher being one of them. The "notes" I had prepared on him related the occasion, the subject, the appearance and manner of the speaker when I heard him lecture in 1883, and my disappointment in him. Then at night as I slept, as if the very fairies thought I had been unpardonably tardy in coming to appreciate a great and good man, his greatness seemed to loom up before my vision. Some one seemed to be saying of him what he had once said of St. Paul, as quoted by my college friend—"The grand old man has had a life of hard struggle," etc. Somehow or other, I awoke next morning with a very much exalted estimate of Henry Ward Beecher. My "notes" were revised, and when delivered, a little later, Mr. Beecher was the chief of all the "notables." I felt an unspeakable gratitude that I had ever seen and heard him. And I saw him in memory to better advantage than I had originally seen him in reality. In memory I saw him the hero that he actually was. I saw him as the oratorical Hercules who in the darkest days of our country had dared to beard the British lion in his den, curb his ferocity, calm his roaring, and compel his respect for the cause of freedom. I saw him, above all, as the eloquent evangel who for more than a generation had compelled the great intellects of the world to yield consideration and respect to the eternal verities of the Gospel of Christ; as the master in the realms of both mind and heart who had made intellectual men feel and emotional men think.

It was about this time that the Beecher statue was unveiled in Brooklyn. I read with interest the full accounts of the unveiling ceremonies in the newspapers, and became further impressed that I had been sadly behind my age in appreciating one of its very greatest men.

I next noticed an advertisement of a series of articles by Mrs. Beecher in the *Ladies' Home Journal* on "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him." I subscribed for that paper at once, solely for the sake of those articles, which I read with intense interest, waiting for the paper from month to month as eagerly as people ordinarily look for each succeeding chapter in the most thrilling continued story.

Becoming thus interested in the great man's personality, I naturally turned my attention to his printed words. First I took up a copy of his "Yale Lectures," and found them interesting beyond expectation. Next on the list was "Norwood," his only novel. Then the newly advertised five-volume edition of the original ten volumes of "Plymouth Pulpit." As a rule, I dislike to read sermons — my own most of all. But these Plymouth pulpit sermons I can read by the hour without tiring. For the last five years I have been getting all I have been able to purchase of what was uttered or written by Mr. Beecher or about him, and have read his words more than those of any other man, living or dead. Corresponding to what Mr. W. D. Howells calls his "Literary Passions," I must call Mr. Beecher the chief of my pulpit passions. I do not pretend to say that I yet accept as my own all the views and beliefs he advocated with such charming eloquence and powerful logic. I read him largely as a thought tonic. I read him because he helps me to delve into depths of thought that I could never fathom alone; because he carries me into heights that I could never ascend; and because he thrills me through and through with an opalescent optimism. I always feel better for these excursions into his heights and depths of thought and feeling, whether I happened to see the universe in the same colors that he saw it, or otherwise. Common plodding on *terra firma* is more endurable after such excursions. Besides, yielding betimes to the sway and spell of a great soul is perhaps a passable atonement for lack of greatness in one's self.

I have recently been reading the sermons of Mr. Beecher's last years, with one eye especially open for detecting anything like dotage. Nothing resembling that has been discerned thus far. On the other hand, the series on "Evolution and Religion" seem the most vigorous of all. And his very last Sunday morning discourse on "Faith" would do credit to any former period of his life. All the characteristics of the man that were so prominent through his life — wit, humor, sarcasm, pathos — come out in this last sermon. It shows his own faith evolving into sight. It was a most fitting subject with which to close the career of a man who had such faith as he had through all his life.

As a preacher, a reformer, a man, Henry Ward Beecher, in the estimation of this writer, ranks above anything that can be expressed in language that would not sound extravagant. He has been aptly termed "the Shakespeare of the Pulpit." Though he spoke in neither rhyme nor measured sentences, he was none the less a poet. Posterity will doubtless speak of "the Bard of Brooklyn" as we now speak of the Bard of Avon, and the works of the two great geniuses will be classed together.

For my own sake, not his, I would fain wish that the dial's hand might be run backward fifteen years, and give me another chance to appreciate Mr. Beecher while he was at work in this world. As it now is, I can only bring my alabaster box of belated appreciation, and break it to help swell by a little the increasing volume of his posthumous influence. Not that he lacked appreciation while he lived. It was ever abundant, but he deserved more than he then got.

As far as I can observe, I have plenty of company in this matter of belated appreciation. One can hardly open a paper or a magazine in these days without seeing some quotation from Henry Ward Beecher, or some appreciative mention of him. A word of criticism is seldom seen anywhere any more. There seems to be an increasing demand for his books. One or two books, for which a limited demand was expected, were allowed to get out of print, and have since been called for and could not be furnished. He will be appreciated yet more and more as the world overtakes him. He was a pioneer, blazing out paths of thought far ahead of his contemporaries,— the great majority of them,— and he was naturally then pilloried by many who now or will yet praise him.

A Clergyman.

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year.

—*Tennyson*

Within Our Own Doors.

In a recent issue of THE NEW UNITY is an excellent article, "Are We Civilized?" from which I take the following, some of the things mentioned illustrating the general deficiency in true civilization: "When Christian nations stand round the slaughter-pen of Turkey and give the odds to Turks, and when at our very doors a foreign nation repeats the barbarities of the Dark Ages in a conscienceless struggle of conquest." In that connection it is somewhat strange that the writer did not mention the many barbarisms, cruelties, and injustices *within our doors*, just as truly Dark Age acts, committed, not by a foreign nation, but by our own people, permitted by state governments and by this nation, against those of our citizens having in their veins the blood of the stolen Africans and their enslaved descendants. Why is it our public speakers and writers, in commenting on the great wrongs, cruelties, and injustices of the day, almost universally omit those committed and permitted within our borders against colored people? Is it because that fear of the slave-power, which held this government under its thumb for so many years, is still with us? or of that prejudice against negroes which came to us from the long past? or because we see the faults of others, overlooking and ignoring our own of a darker hue?

In the same issue of THE NEW UNITY there is John Wesley's letter to Wilberforce on slavery, dated 1791. From it I take the following: "Reading this morning a tract, wrote by a poor African, I was particularly struck by that circumstance that a man who has a black skin, being wronged or outraged by a white man, can have no redress; it being a *law* in our colonies that the oath of a black man against a white goes for nothing. What villainy is this?"

We are now one hundred years from the date of that communication — when those two grand men were laboring for the welfare of the people, for the establishment of right and justice. Some sixty years from the date of that letter, the black slaves who suffered under that "villainy" became freedmen in name, and so-called citizens, as a result of war. But during the next generation, bringing us down to the present time, the descendants of those held in slavery continued to suffer and still are suffering under that "villainy," and other much more serious wrongs, inflicted deliberately, willfully, by legislative enactment; discrimination against them in executing the laws, and by unlawful taking of negro life, for which there seems to be no punishment.

Progress towards the best is said to be very slow; we certainly have made but little advance in removing wrongs against colored people during the past century. Have we not, in truth, taken a step or two backward in the injustices dealt out to them, when we consider the great progress in almost all things during the last half of the century?

We have had many noble men and women within the past thirty years, some of whom are now with us, the equals of the two mentioned above, who have been active in many ways in the welfare of the people, in the cause of progress towards the best; but they seem to have been "so deeply immersed in other duties and cares they have been unmindful of the wrongs and cruelties in practice against our colored brothers and sisters," which are "the scandal of religion [civilization] and of human nature."

When will the capable, justice-loving men and women of the land suspend for a time the grind of special duties and cares, and look out over the walls within which they are in great measure inclosed, and give some thought and attention to the injustice and cruelty in practice against colored people — make some effort to remove that disgrace from off the shoulders of this great nation? CHAS. H. WILLIAMS.

Baraboo, Wis., April 12, 1897.

If spring came but once in a century instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change!—*Longfellow.*

He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with the beads of love and thought.—*Persian.*

Spring in California.

I am having such beautiful times, this spring, among the birds. I have taken up a more or less systematic study of the wee creatures. I grow more and more amazed at the numbers and varieties that come about my place. I am peculiarly placed as being the only dweller on the hill who is not incumbered with an orchard. My freedom is of the truest kind, for my neighbors, being sorry for me, bring me more fruit than I can eat, and the birds, driven from all the other trees, come for refuge to my willows and oaks and eucalyptus trees. The other morning I went out, and the whole four acres literally *swarmed* with them. "California has no birds," and "California birds do not sing." These phrases we have with us always; probably because they are so poor — so poor in sense and truth. The air rings with the melody of forty different sorts of birds here about the house. There are goldfinches, warblers, linnets, song-sparrows, ruby-crowned kinglets, wrens, thrushes, flickers, white-crowned sparrows, the rose-breasted and the blackheaded grosbeaks, cousins of the Kentucky cardinal, and both, like him, royal singers. There are titmice, and flycatchers, robins, meadowlarks, and in a week or two the orioles will be here,—I always have a dozen or more about the place,—and that wonderful jewel of a bird, the lazuli bunting, to say nothing of the jays and blackbirds, and the quail. I don't see many blackbirds in the hills, but they swarm in the valley—coal black, black with red shoulders, and occasionally with yellow heads.

Our crested titmouse is a very pretty singer, and the summer warbler is worth listening to by the hour.

Our season is rather backward this year. Still, the cyclamen has come and gone; the clover and filaree are in blossom; my hills are purple with brodiæa and blue-eyed grass, and yellow with poppies and buttercups, and cream cups and baby blue eyes are carpeting my neighbors' meadows in the most wonderful way I ever saw. And we are now having our snowy season — in the orchards, the trees have all issued little white promissory notes, to be redeemed later on, in their own royal coin. * * *

I have no doubt but that there are things, of a sort, going on in the city, and that people over there write you about them. I believe there 's going to be a woman's congress — I think I am to read them a paper about something or other; but I do assure you that all that 's really worth knowing, the real news of the world, is happening in the trees, and under them, and over the surface of the broad, brown earth, where Mother Nature is making our daily bread for the coming year, and the birds are singing sweetness and lightness into it.

ADELINE KNAPP.

Dimond, Alameda County, California, April 9, 1897.

Race Prejudice.

Congressman Shattuc of Ohio has nominated a colored lad to a cadetship at Annapolis. The boy got the appointment by open competition, and the congressman is doing no more than his bounden duty in refusing to withdraw the nomination because the boy is colored. It is said that the students will make life disagreeable for him; that they will attempt in every way to get rid of him by reporting him for every imaginable misdemeanor, and that he will not only be ostracized, but really persecuted. Ostracism he can stand; his race has stood it for many years. But somebody has got to make himself a martyr to the cause of equal rights, and we trust this young man, D. J. Bundy of Cincinnati, will have grace and grit enough to fight his fight and to open the way for successors. One tenth of the population of this country have negro blood, and they have just as much right as white boys to the privileges of the naval academy at Annapolis or the military academy at West Point. The traditions of Annapolis have never been broken down as they have at West Point, and it is time they were. Congressman Shattuc has heard that if he persisted in appointing Bundy it would break up the school and that other students would resign. His answer was, "Let them resign"; and he is right. We believe that he will see to it that the boy goes to Annapolis and is not driven out.—*The Independent.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid.

Browning as Agnostic, Optimist, Christian.

By Matilda W. Hamman.

Read before the Emerson Class of the Unity Club, Rochester, N. Y., January 26, 1897.

Browning's Central Thought, Source alike of his Agnosticism and his Optimism.

That the one subject of Browning's study was the individual human soul, and that the law of that soul, as he read it, is growth, need not be proved by quotations from him, or enlarged upon at this, the last of our eight meetings. His conception that the law of the soul is growth has this interest and relevancy for us just now: that out of it spring his agnosticism and his optimism. That agnosticism seems to me to center in his conception that ignorance or uncertainty is the necessary condition of the soul's growth. That optimism I read as his faith, which is his "hope, grown wise" in the study of the soul itself, that through growth it shall ever approach its goal of love and knowledge in God.

His agnosticism: ignorance or uncertainty the necessary condition of the soul's growth. The soul would not have the distinctive human characteristic—spiritual progress—

"Were all it struggles after found at first,
And guesses changed to knowledge absolute."

God's gift to it is—not knowledge—but a dim conception of truth, and the ability to prove the reality of the conception by experience. That conception—"faith," Browning calls it—inspires the soul, goes before it, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to the promised land of its dreams. Only through his ignorance and this conception comes the

"Leap of man's quickened heart,
Throe of his thought's escape,
Stings of his soul which dart
Through the barrier of flesh, till keen
She climbs from the calm and clear,
Through turbidity all between,
From the known to the unknown here,
Heaven's 'Shall be' from earth's 'Has been.'"

If the soul conceives of spiritual knowledge as attained, it lies "prostrate," to use Browning's own phrase. To think of the faith as once in the past delivered to the saints, and not as to be discovered now by ourselves; to think of religious truth as in the safe keeping of church or book,—is to conceive of our knowledge as a perfected and therefore not a growing thing. It is to have a dead faith in "the report" of the thing, instead of a living "faith in the thing" reported. To rest content and satisfied in our creed as a final revelation is to think of truth as a mechanical matter, and not as a matter of living. The doubt which ruins such a faith is the only means to a faith which shall tread doubt to dust.

Illustrated by Man's Idea of God.

This ignorance or uncertainty as a condition of soul-growth is illustrated by what Browning tells us of man's idea of God. The idea of God as Power, as the intelligent source of the world order, comes to man early, directly, without effort or question. It is almost a matter of sense.

"From the first, Power was,—I knew."

"As it would, has willed and done
Power: and my mind's applause
Goes, passing laws each one,
To Omnipotence, lord of laws."

Caliban, the lowest in the scale of thinkers, does not begin his theology with an argument as to the existence of Setebos; the only question is as to where he lives. But Caliban's God had no developed moral nature, any more than Caliban had:

"Thinketh such shows nor wrong nor right in Him,
Nor kind nor cruel: He is strong and Lord."

"Doth as he likes, or wherefore Lord?"

This is as much as the undeveloped man can comprehend of him. His conception depends upon his stage of development. If he were told that God was love, it could mean nothing. He must *grow* into belief in that love. Such an experience is a growth of soul which is as different from an attempted acceptance of the fact of that love because it is read in a bible or told by a prophet, as life is different from cold clay.

Man's conception of God changes with his own advance in knowledge of the physical world and his own experience of life and love and pain. In "Ixion," a soul outgrows its ideal of the Highest as a vengeful God and forms a new conception, born of the experience of suffering and of injustice, of a "Purity all unobstructed," rising "past Zeus to the Potency o'er him." In this is the implication that knowledge of God comes to man as knowledge of other things comes. It is not a direct, miraculous revelation, but the result of growing power to know, to observe, to appreciate His presence.

The fact that our knowledge of God is uncertain, our idea of Him a matter of our own spiritual growth, an idea therefore full of error and subject to change, is not to be regretted. It is only one phase of the law of our progress. It is, to quote, one of the "illustrations of the spiritual uses of uncertainty." Browning seems to say: "Yes, we may be, we are, ignorant about God; we may imagine the wrong thing; our fancies may go wide of the facts; our symbols may be inadequate and even inaccurate,—but it is not all dark. In our ignorance and uncertainty we yet may have our thoughts and dreams about Him which are truth, truth gained, and which make us "go the softlier, sadlier, for that dream's sake." That is, back of the mistaken part of our idea about Him, there is a deeper truth than we thought we had attained.

We may hope to outgrow our mistaken conceptions, and to understand God as Love, only as love is developed in our own natures, only as we become conscious of love in our own hearts. Like Caliban, we learn, very early in our experience, to perceive God as Power; but it takes us all our lives, and perhaps the life beyond, to comprehend him as Love. Knowing God as Love is a matter of living,—living in the spirit, each human being for himself,—not a matter of abstract reasoning, not a matter for theological statement. In the latter sense He may be the Unknowable. The nature of the Deity may be, as Browning says in "The Sun," confessed inconceivable by man; and yet man is conscious of the Deity as the child is conscious of the mother and her love; must try to conceive of it, is bound by his own nature to try to "find out the Almighty." And as soon as man knows love and mercy in his own heart, he knows or conceives of God as such, and not before. It is David, with his heart full of yearning love for his suffering King, who is conscious of God as not less loving, yearning, as filling infinitude with love. He feels his oneness with God. He seeks and he "finds his flesh in the Godhead."

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? Here the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what Began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him who yet alone can?

* * * * * * * *

"Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou.
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown,
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in."

That we *must* feel after God if haply we may find Him; that we shall very likely not take the straightest road to Him; that we shall find Him only in the way of our own spiritual development; that, in the very nature of God and the soul, no other way is possible; that we shall find Him,—

"If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play,"

—is not this Browning's optimism in agnosticism? That the apparent strife of Love and Power here is better for us than the actual sight of their unity; that the effect of the "faith that some far day" we shall know "ripeness in things now rathe"

is "to lift the load, to leaven the lump"; that baffled sight wakes our determination to press on to clearer vision; that things perfected are earthly and low; that it is better not to know, because ignorance means the possibility of still growing,—is not this his real agnosticism, the soul of it, his great "We do not know"? And is not his hearty acceptance of the ignorance, the doubt, the uncertainty of the immature soul, his most subtle optimism?

Browning's faith that the soul through growth shall surely find the love and knowledge it seeks after; that some time it shall

> " . . . reach the ultimate, angels' law,
> Indulging every instinct of the soul
> There where law, life, joy, impulse, are one thing,"

—never fails him. From Pauline to Asolando there is not a note of discouragement. Soul-failure is only "apparent failure." Pain, baffling, thwarting, disappointment, evil, even sin and death, are but steps in the soul's progress. Seeming defeat is only triumph veiled. He says at the very last that he

> "Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph.
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake."

Yet he never shut his eyes to the facts of life and experience. He is not hopeful and happy because he lives in an ideal world. There are no darker pictures than he paints, no bitterer disappointments, no deeper despairs, no blacker sins, and no more apparently hopeless sinners. Yet he himself never despairs; there is always balm in Gilead; there is always repentance, forgiveness, regeneration, possible, nay, certain, here and now, or beyond in the future.

Other Sources of Browning's Hope.

What are the other sources of his hope? In the Soul in which he believed, and its earthly life allotment, and in the God of which he was "very sure," they must be looked for.

We find him believing, among other things, that love, and truth, and beauty are in their nature eternal and indestructible, part of the divine; and he finds love, and truth, and beauty in the human soul; faint traces only in some, but rare, beautiful development in others. He feels that the soul's kinship with the divine is real, its growth only a matter of time,—or eternity. It is Emerson's thought: "If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, do enter into that man." Evil and imperfection are fleeting, evanescent, only wayside inns in which the soul tarries for a night on its everlasting way.

> "There is an inmost center in us all
> Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
> Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
> This perfect, clear perception — which is truth."
> * * * * *
> "Why ever make man's good distinct from God's?
> Or, finding they are one, why dare distrust?"

Another reason for Browning's optimism seems to me his conception of each man as of importance in himself or to himself, as distinguished from his position as one of the mass of humanity,—his individualism, in a word. By this each man is directly related to the universal, and his final and everlasting success and peace are therefore absolutely sure. Because of this relation, too, he is ever greater than anything he accomplishes; his work, his attainments, are ever far beneath his aims and his dreams. Because of this he is not to be judged by what he attains.

> "But all the world's coarse thumb
> And finger failed to plumb,
> So passed in making up the main account;
> All instincts immature,
> All purposes unsure,
> That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;
>
> Thoughts hardly to be packed
> Into a narrow act,
> Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
> All I could never be,
> All men ignored in me—
> This I was worth to God."

And this incompleteness of man's life here naturally suggests another ground of Browning's high hopes for man. This is, indeed, one of the very hopes,—immortality itself. Some one speaks of it as "the high hope upon which he has fixed his eyes, and at the same time the corner-stone on which he has raised the towers of philosophical optimism over the turf of doubt." Could Browning believe that the soul would reach its goal, if he did not believe that it survived death? But, with life continued, our "chance of the prize o' learning love," missed here, may be sought again and won; "the heroic for earth too hard" may be compassed; "the soul God unmakes He may remake again, which else were first made in vain."

Again: Browning believes there is unity in the universe, one controlling principle, which is love. Good and evil are not opposed, but different manifestations or phases of the same power, different stages of development of the soul. Come full circle, they are one. He says:

> "Good, see, wants evil."
>
> "The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound."
>
> " . . . the evil with the good,
> Which makes up living rightly understood."

Paracelsus has failed because, he says,

> "In my own heart love had not been made wise
> To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
> To know even hate is but a mask of love's;
> To see a good in evil, and a hope
> In ill success."

It is Browning's doctrine of "unity in opposites," as it has been phrased, or "the implication of opposites." Jochanan Hakkadosh cries:

> " . . . I nor know, nor care
> How from this tohu-bohu — hopes which dive,
> And fears which soar — faith, ruined through and through
> By doubt, and doubt, faith treads to dust, revive
>
> "In some surprising sort,— as see, they do! —
> Not merely foes no longer, but fast friends.
> What does it mean, unless — O strange and new
>
> "Discovery! — this life proves a wine-press — blends
> Evil and good, both fruits of Paradise,
> Into a novel drink which — who intends
>
> To quaff, must bear a brain for ecstacies
> Attempered . . ."

It seems to me that still another source of his belief that the soul shall grow into the love and knowledge of God is suggested in these lines:

> "God, whose power made man and made man's wants, and made, to meet those wants,
> Heaven and earth, which through the body prove the spirit's ministrants
> Excellently all . . . . . ."

That is, a want in man will surely be met by supply somewhere in the universe. Heaven and earth do not mock man. His aspirations are not directed to a delusion, but to a reality. "The scope earth affords of fact to judge by warrants future hope." If he feels "love's faint beginnings," so faint that to himself it is only hate, he lives in a world fitted to develop that love in his soul. If he has "half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim struggles for truth," "prejudice and fears and cares and doubts," with only "a touch of nobleness," they do tend upward, weak as they are,

> "Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
> But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
> And do their best to climb and get to him;"

and they do find the sun of love and the pure air of truth. This belief, I think, is what Mr. Fiske means when he says: "A reaching out of humanity toward a good which does not exist would be the establishment of a relation in which the subjective term only is real, and the objective imaginary,—something without precedent in the whole history of evolution, an isolated fact in the universe; and that is enough to condemn the supposition. It may safely be affirmed that there are no isolated facts in the universe."

One in writing of the basis of Browning's belief in the continuity of life beyond the grave uses these words, which, it seems to me, hold true of all his optimism, as I have defined it He represents Browning as saying:

"Man sees power outside him; he sees order and law everywhere; in himself he feels the need of loving and being loved.

In his own physical and mental nature he knows that, either for good or bad, obedience or disobedience to power, order, and law produces a logical or mathematical result. The one thing inside him that does not tally with the law, order, and power seen outside, is his need for loving and being loved. If then, the law, order, and power are analogous in him and in nature so far as he can see it, why not the love? He does not see the love outside as he does the other forces named; he sees much to contradict its existence. But, taking himself as a complete whole,—and himself alone he can judge by,—he cannot leave out of the calculation the most important factor, the motive power which, known or unknown to himself, but always felt, governs his life,—that is, love or the wish for it."

It is the argument from instances in which we have seen the correspondence of the subjective and the objective to one in which we know only the one term, but hope for and believe in the other. It is the appeal in "Abt Vogler," from the apparent evanescence and loss of beauty and joy to their everlasting reality, as the spiritual nature, refined and developed, apprehends them.

Three Phases of his Hope: (1) In Failure.

Having noticed some of the sources of Browning's hope, let us look at three phases of that hope; hope in the face of three human conditions which have always tried men's souls: First, failure to realize our aspirations; second, that worse failure we call sin; third, death. Failure; Sin; Death. How does Browning meet them?

He sees men with hopes and ambitions high and noble in themselves, striving, laboring, hoping, failing to reach their ideal.

> "Look at the end of work, contrast
> The petty done, the undone vast,
> This present of theirs with the hopeful past.
> What hand and brain went ever paired?
> What heart alike conceived and dared?
> What act proved all its thought had been?
> What will but felt the fleshly screen?"

The statesman, the soldier, the poet, artist, musician, not one of them a whit nearer his ideal than we common mortals with our lesser hopes and longings. And what does he say of failure like this? That perhaps success would keep us content with the lower things; that the worst that can happen to us is success, if our ideal is too low.

> "The earthly joys lay palpable,—
> A taint, in each, distinct as well;
> The heavenly flitted, faint and rare,
> Above them, but as truly were
> Taintless, so, in their nature best.
> Thy choice was earth.
> * * * * *
> Thou art shut
> Out of the heaven of spirit: glut
> Thy sense upon the world: 't is thine
> Forever———take it!"

He says that, if we fail in the lower, it may be to attain to the higher. It is the note he so often strikes. Failure to attain even a good thing may be but the first step toward a better thing. A merely low purpose—not intrinsically bad, but not the best—is often frustrated, and we are turned to better, higher loves and aims. So that, before we adjudge failure to achieve an end a real failure, we should look at our largest purposes, at our lives at their highest reach, and see how the failure bears on these, and not alone on the lower aim. A man may save his own soul in losing the whole world. Failure may thus be the most hopeful experience. "We who earned by dint of failure, triumph," he says. Paracelsus failed because in his own heart love had not been made wise to trace love's faint beginnings in mankind. But is not his failure triumph after all, if through it he has learned the one great lesson of love, to recognize even its faint beginnings, to believe in its power and growth? I think he means to say so, for his last words are:

> "If I stoop
> Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
> It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
> Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
> Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day."

Again: we are counseled to beware of trusting success even in high things. A man's measure is his reach, not his grasp. The faultless painter said:

> "I can do with my pencil what I know."

But he also said that those other struggling, striving, failing painters

> "Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
> Enter and take their place there sure enough,
> Though they come back and cannot tell the world."

An ideal reached, with nothing beyond it, is the failure to be dreaded. A failure because time and the most strenuous human endeavor are unequal to the task the spirit sets itself is the ground of the most precious hope for the future. The reaching out after the good for which the life we know is too short is the bow of promise of "the glory of going on and still to be." In this experience of apparent failure there is a hint of that which in the high reaches of spiritual life we attain to,—the hope of a blessed immortality; vague, perhaps, and undefined, but comforting and satisfying.

> "That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it."
>
> "We are faulty—why not? We have time in store.
> 'T is a life-long toil till our lump be leaven—
> The better! What's come to perfection perishes,
> Things learned on earth we shall practice in heaven."
>
> "And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
> For the fullness of the days?"
>
> 'There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
> The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
> What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
> All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
> Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
> When eternity affirms the conception of an hour."

(*To be concluded.*)

New England Spring Morning.

> "I am so glad 'tis Easter,
> When the tiny bluebells chime."

I, too, am glad to welcome back the long bright hours of a country spring morning.

I open my eyes in a sleepy, half dreamy way to see the first tint of the Eastern sky. As I lie and watch the changing hues, so glorious in a spring sunrise, the bluebird sings a merry song to me; away off on the "turnpike" among the trees that overlook next summer's cornfields, the crows are making a far less musical sound.

The early morning is very sweet and fresh, with a faint odor of pine and hemlock and the moist ground coming to me through the partly open window. There is no need to rise for half an hour, so I watch the ever-changing sky, draw long deep breaths of the sweet spring air, and think of the arbutus fast bursting into bud; of the soft pussy-willow just over the pasture wall, in that damp hollow where the mosses are so green and the early flowers will soon bloom. The faint notes of a chickadee—the dear little bird that has staid by us all winter, and with the bluejay has tried to cheer us—are almost drowned by the robins' chorus, now in full glory. What can be called more inspiring than a bird concert on a bright spring morning before the sun is risen? Think of it, ye who sleep late behind drawn curtains, and hear only the din of the milkman's clatter.

To some, the picture I have drawn will remind them of their early childhood days—before peace and youthful dreams were driven out to give place to busy life, late hours at night, and late morning naps. The day's work before me may be a hard one, but I have plenty of God's pure, bracing air with which to fill my lungs and join the birds in a glad song.

As I lie resting and half dreaming, watching the sky that has become all ablaze with crimson and gold, smelling the piney smoke from a neighbor's freshly lighted fire, the sun shows its face over the hill top, and I rise with a song of thanksgiving in my heart, and rejoice in the bright spring morning, and all the good that has come to us in our home among the New Hampshire hills.

Sarah M. Bailey.

Hopkinton, N. H.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—It is only in proportion as we love that we can learn to comprehend that God is infinitely powerful by reason of His infinite love.

MON.—Charity in the highest degree is the leading a good life; he who is pure and faithful is a living form of charity.

TUES.—However much he may read, the thoughtless man can never be instructed.

WED.—There is no station in life where there is not a constant demand for the exercise of charity.

THURS.—If we do not strive, it were better for us that we had never been born.

FRI.—It is in degree, rather than in kind, that one man differs from another.

SAT.—The human race are everywhere around us, and every individual is a volume to be read.

Mary G. Ware.

Boys Forever.

The best thing to be (if you want to enjoy
A real good time) is a stout, healthy boy.
Just ask one what life is. He 'll tell you "It 's fun;
It 's to wade in the brooks and to bask in the sun—
To race upon stilts, or to hop on one leg;
It 's searching the barn for the speckled hen's egg;
Yoking the calves, or hunting a snake;
Tossing up hay with a long-handled rake."

To him there 's no question of pleasure or sorrow;
Like the birds of the air, he 's no thought for to-morrow,
Unless it should be he has chestnuts to get,
Or fish for his dinner with new-fashioned net;
Skates that are waiting for "Jack Frost" to come,
And give them a chance to whizz and to hum.
Then he 'll press his nose flat on the cold window pane,
And long for the snowflakes instead of the rain.

The creakiest boots are those he likes best,
And the "brass toes" and heels give a musical zest
To the pleasure of stamping about like a man.
(Or, the first pair of boots! Forget them who can!)
As the feather descends on the crest of a wave,
On his ear falls the cry of, "Why can 't you behave?"
Ah, sisters! in vain your wise heads you may shake
At one who knows nothing of "nerves" or "headache."

The thing he most dreads is the damp, rainy day,
Unless he has leave in the garret to play,
Pop corn in the kitchen, draw ships on the wall,
Roast apples, potatoes, eat peanuts, play ball;
Then, books are not bad, if the tales are well told.
Alas! that a boy should ever grow old;
Lambs frisk in the sunshine, and the spring time enjoy,
But what time is dull to a light-hearted boy? —*Selected.*

Tim Olin, a ten-year-old boy who, because of an accident is compelled to wear wooden legs, lives high up in the Cumberland mountains of Kentucky, near the Virginia line. Having heard that forest fires were doing great damage on the other side of the range, he climbed to a peak and saw that in the track of the flames was a cabin where two aged sisters and their blind brother lived. Although not fit for traveling over a mountain path, he made the best of his way to them, hitched their horse to a sled, and got them all away safely. The fire reached the cabin that night.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

The responsibility is upon us of making our failures serve a good purpose in showing where we have been thoughtless, weak, unjust,

Making a Gentleman of Him.

"My wife has peculiar views about bringing up boys," said the man in the barber-shop, while he waited his turn.

"So has mine," said the man with a scowl who wanted a hair-cut. "She thinks they're privileged to turn the house upside down, and keep up no end of a row. And when I interfere she says, 'Oh, never mind; we're only young once.' And a good thing it's true," he ended crossly.

"Well, man, let your wife have her own way with your boys," said the first speaker. "As a rule, it isn't the father that a man yearns for when he goes out into the cold world. It's his mother every time. Now I just escaped making a scene at the breakfast-table this morning and writing myself down a fool, but that I had sense enough to trust my wife. You see, it was this way: We have two rollicksome boys, not bad as boys go, but full of vim. Well, the girl was waiting on the table and our youngest, a boy of nine, with eyes like an angel and the temper of—well, like mine—asked her to make him a piece of toast. I did not notice how he worded it, but it appears his mother did. He waited, but the toast did not come.

"'How did you ask for it?' says his mother, and he answered right quick:

"'I said, 'Huldah, bring me a piece of toast!'

"His mother touched a bell and the girl came in. 'Ask her again,' she said. The boy squirmed and I was mad, but I saw a warning in my wife's eyes and kept still.

"'Please, Huldah, make me a piece of toast,' said the little fellow, bravely, and Huldah smiled and went out for the toast.

"Now my sympathies were all with the boy that wanted the toast, and when we were alone I ventured to say that I thought Huldah was putting on style, but my wife squelched me.

"'It isn't for Huldah,' she said, 'it is for my boy. I want him to be a gentleman for his own sake.'"

"Well, my boys—" said the other man, but the barber called "Next!" and the conversation ended.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Idealize Your Real.

System is as necessary in the home as in the school-room, though the round of labor is so different and its results often less apparent. A woman in the center of a home certainly needs a broader view of life, a larger outlook than the daily routine of the kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, cooking, tidying, sewing, or she becomes a machine and a drudge.

We need by sheer force of heart and mind to rise above the distasteful and monotonous in our daily cares and duties, and see life as a whole, and our work as parts—small, of course, but parts—of the universe and the universal plan. Looked at in this way, our work cannot seem menial or trivial, neither can any part of it assume undue proportions, but it must of necessity adjust itself to its proper place in our lives.

Does this seem strained and unreasonable when applied to household cares and duties? It certainly is ideal; but in this as much as in any other part of our life-work it is surely better to have a high, definite ideal, and work steadily toward it, though failing by a great distance of reaching it, than to be content with a purposeless performance, a narrow, short-sided view of our daily tasks that allows us to see nothing beyond, nor even these in their true light.

William C. Gannett, in his beautiful, helpful sermon called, "Blessed be Drudgery," says: "If I cannot realize my ideal, I can at least idealize my real." Let us try; it is certainly worth the attempt.

I like the couplet from Pope:

All are but parts of one stupenduous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul,

With the emphasis upon the word "all." All—not merely here and there one grand person or one great thing, but all, you and I, your work and mine, the small things accomplished and the great things we admire, attempt, and in a measure obtain.—*Gazelle Stevens Sharp, in Home Companion.*

Fix a man's ideals, and for the most part the rest is easy.—*Holmes.*

The Study Table.

In Sickness and in Health.*

This is a most remarkable, and I am inclined to think the most valuable book on domestic medicine, surgery, hygiene, dietetics, and nursing ever published. It deals in a practical way with the problems relating to the maintenance of health, the prevention and treatment of disease, and the most effective aid in emergencies. Among the prominent contributors to this volume are Dr. George Waldo Crary, Dr. William P. Northrup, Dr. Frank W. Jackson, Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, Dr. Frederick Peterson. Besides these there are several doctors of philosophy who have contributed their share, such as Josiah Royse and Joseph Hamblin Sears. The book is certainly the first, dealing with health, that has been based on the new psychology; that is, the position that body and mind are not two, but that they constitute a single entity. The book goes a long way to recognize the fundamental truths involved in so-called mental healing, while undermining the absurd rubbish that passes current under that cognomen. The publishers announce that they hope the work, combining as it does literary and scientific excellence, will meet the requirements of the growing public which desires to be reasonably informed concerning the laws governing health and disease. The corps of specialists, each eminent in his own domain, have been most ably edited by Dr. Roosevelt, and the book is one that can be most heartily and entirely recommended to the general reader, and for household consultation. Not a line of it but bears the impress of careful work and scientific knowledge.

E. P. P.

The Spirit of an Illinois Town.

In "The Spirit of an Illinois Town"† Mrs. Catherwood has drawn a picture true to the life of what might be her own home town of Hoopeston. Her descriptions of the location, the society, the local paper, the varied interests, show her love for, and sympathy with, this great West, and THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN appears long before the gentle life of the heroine becomes its incarnation. The present critic enjoys the book especially, perhaps, because she herself has felt the thrall of the same spirit of just such an Illinois town for many years, and has seen the manifestations of its gallantry, pluck, and power. Every town in the state should have a copy of the book in circulation, for it tells the story of a rapidly vanishing era.

In the same volume Mrs. Catherwood, in "The Little Rénault," tells a border tale that vividly presents the terrible Iroquois and the less savage Illinois in their death-struggle for that fair valley where the noble river rolls between mighty castellated rocks through wide prairies fair as the kept gardens of older lands. She fills the landscape with the farms of Tonty and his voyageur companions, and their Indian enemies and allies, in a story full of love as well as deadly angers. We Illinoisans do not know the beauty and the romance of our own land. Mrs. Catherwood does.

G. V.

The Knowledge of Life.

Whether or not we accept the conclusions reached in "The Knowledge of Life"‡ we must appreciate the spirit in which the author has undertaken the work. He voices the theories of no school, theologies and philosophies are set aside, facts and forces alone are taken into account. We have here the stimulating sight of a man setting bravely, seriously, patiently forth to search for truth, unhampered by outworn traditions. As the title implies, the scope of the volume is large, its plan ambitious, it treats of the most vital problems of existence. The result of faithful and conscientious work, the book is thoughtful and well written.

Here is "The Creed of Evolution" with which the volume closes:

I believe in the God that is within me dictating to me what is right. That this power descended to me from and through my ancestors, who thus live again in me. That I must use this to the best advantage, and hand it on pure and strong to my descendants in whom I shall live again.

I believe that the highest aim of man is perfect happiness, and that this will be obtained by conquering environment.

I believe that all bad actions will recoil upon me and lower me in the scale of evolution, removing me from my wished for end.

I believe that a life in harmony with this creed will lead me to the highest attainable end: perfection: the state of being God.

Does it sound cold? Read the pages in which Mr. Harold develops his philosophy and you will not find it so. There are many helps to high living, many inspiring thoughts in the three hundred pages of the volume. We wish for Mr. Harold a wide reading.

Undercurrents of the Second Empire.

Mr. Albert E. Vaudam's "Undercurrents of the Second Empire" (Putnam) assumes in the readers of this attractive volume a knowledge of the political situation in Paris. The author with ready pen, in chatty style, retails a budget of gossip from his well-stocked memory. He has all the qualities of a traditional gossip—plenty of incidents to tell, a large satisfaction in the telling, and a tendency to ramble off into details relevant and irrelevant until one occasionally loses the thread of the discourse.

"A Grain of Wheat."

Only a grain of wheat,
So small that folks don't mind it;
Only a grain of wheat,
With the power of God behind it;
Only a buried grain;
Only the falling rain;
Only the sun's bright glory,
Bursting through heaven's top story;
Only a grain, only a grain,
Buried, and dying, and living again.
There 's harvest in a grain of wheat,
If given to God in simple trust;
For tho' the grain doth turn to dust,
It cannot die. It lives—it must—
And men shall have enough to eat.

Only a span of life,
So small that folks don't mind it;
Only a span of life,
With the power of God behind it;
Only a little span;
Only a buried man;
Only a King's great love,
Paving the way above;
Only a span, only a span;
Only a buried, dying man.
There 's harvest in the life of man,
If given to God in simple trust;
For tho' the body turns to dust,
The man's immortal. Moth and rust
Are only for a little span.

—Dr. Walton, in the Christian, London.

Fishes and Birds.

There is every evidence that the fish life is as significant as that of any other animal. There is abundance, too, of evidence to show that fish have intelligence. They can recognize individuals. They recognize the shadow and footsteps of men and distinguish them from those of horses or cows; they slip out of sight when the step of a man is heard, while they are not afraid when they hear the heavier step of a horse or cow the fish comes naturally to shallow water when his enemy, man, is not there. Certainly no phase of animal life is so wholly and distinct within itself. I am an uncompromising evolutionist, yet I cannot see any gradation in animal intelligence, I have only found birds, as a class, a deal brainer than other animals, there is something very like the germ of mother wit to be found among them. There is a wonderful difference found among species, and in some countries they are mentally sluggish, but the fact is, the bird is a brainy creature; this is shown in its manner of communicating idea to its fellow creatures.

C. C. ABBOTT

*IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH. Edited by J. West Roosevelt, M.D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

†THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN AND THE LITTLE RENAULT. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Illustrated. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $1.25.)

‡THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE.—By H. J. Harold (Putnam).

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"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

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LEO FOX, Treasurer.

CEYLON.—The *Buddhist* for March 19th, published at Colombo, is before us with interesting items. From its columns we learn that Dr. Barrows was visited by the high priest Sumangala, conveying thanks for the hospitality which America has shown their countryman, Dharmapala. The same evening Dr. and Mrs. Barrows dined with Dharmapala's father, where there were present other representatives of the Buddhistic society and work. The next day our friend sailed for Egypt. We also learn that the King of Siam, the only crowned head devoted to the Buddhistic faith, is about to start on a European tour. Editorially the paper commends the "tolerant spirit" of Dr. Barrows, and suggests that "perhaps some of the Christian missionaries in the East would do well to take a lesson from him and adopt on occasions a more tolerant spirit than they sometimes display on dealing with Eastern religions."

FRANKLIN, N. H.—The Franklin Ministerial Union is an association of clergymen of different denominations, the attendance having included representatives of the Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist, Christian, Free Baptist, and Unitarian churches of the vicinity, the usual attendance being from nine to twelve in number. The union is now in its second year, and the meetings have been entirely fraternal, although the religious questions discussed have involved wide differences of opinion. Rev. E. S. Elder has presented able papers upon the Gospel of John, the apochryphal literature as an aid to New Testament interpretation, and the growth of the Bible. Rev. J. B. Harrison has presented the subjects of bribery at elections, educational reform, and a review of Driver's introduction to the Old Testament. Rev. Lyman Clark has read papers upon reform of elections, some early writers of the Bible or the Hexateuch, and the world's progress. Rev. Mr. Jenks of the Baptist Church recently reviewed Professor Green's book upon the higher criticism, in opposition to the conclusions of Driver and many others. Papers of interest by many others have been considered. The president of the union is Rev. John Thorpe, Congregationalist, of East Andover, N. H. The unsectarian basis of the union has worked with entire satisfaction. The meetings have been held once in two weeks during a large portion of the year. Biblical studies have been prominent, and all in attendance must have felt that the meetings have been helpful, the bracing freedom of criticism and the cordial fellowship being among the pleasant features of the union.

LAWRENCE, KAN.—At a recent meeting of the Missouri Valley Unitarian Conference held here, Messrs. Robert H. Davis of New York, F. L. Hosmer of St. Louis, and A. W. Gould of Chicago were the visiting speakers. Mr. Gould and Mr. Davis spoke on the "Positive Beliefs of Unitarians," and Mr. Hosmer preached on "Ian MacLaren's Creed."

NEW YORK CITY.—The Church of the Eternal Hope (Universalist) has recently called Rev. Dr. Crowe of Newark, N. J., who is taking hold of the work in his characteristic, effective way.

There are times when the variation of a pulse beat tells the practiced physician whether the scale will go down and mean death or up and mean life. But suppose the medicine he prescribes is not the medicine which your child is taking, but something the druggist thought would do just as well! Who is going to regulate the balance then? A druggist who will offer you something else when you ask for Scott's Emulsion will do the same thing with his prescriptions. Get what you ask for!

Books for the Young.

Last supplementary list issued by the Ladies' Commission on Sunday School Books. For further lists address the commission, 25 Beacon street, Boston.

BAFFLING THE BLOCKADE. By J. Macdonald Oxley. (New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1896.) Pp. 375. $1.25. A tale of our civil war. Interesting, as written from the standpoint of an inhabitant of Charleston, S. C. A tale of adventure rather than patriotism. For boys over 14.

BLACK AND BLUE. By Ascott R. Hope. (New York: The Macmillan Co. 1896.) Pp. 364. $1.50. The experiences of a lad in England and Scotland. Good lesson of contentment and consideration of others. For boys of 14 and over.

BLACK TOR, THE. By G. Manville Fenn. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1896.) Pp. 328. $1.50. A story of the time of James II. It has no historical worth, but the lesson of heroism and peacemaking make it valuable. For boys of 14 and upwards.

BOYS OF CLOVERNOOK, THE. The story of five boys on a farm. By Mary Barnes Beal. (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. 1896.) Pp. 351. $1.50. Valuable and interesting lessons of loving kindness, truth, and honor. Accepted in spite of the regretable incident of child-stealing by a tramp. For readers between 9 and 14.

CAPE MAY DIAMOND. By Evelyn Raymond. (Boston: Roberts Bros. 1896.) Pp. 325. $1.50. A story teaching an admirable lesson of unselfishness, though somewhat improbable in incident. for readers between 9 and 14.

FAIRIES OF FERN DINGLE, OR LITTLE LESSONS FROM THE LITTLE FOLK. By Harriet A. Cheever. (Boston & Chicago Cong. S. S. Pub. Society. 1896.) Pp. 250. $1.00. It is not really a fairy story, but under the guise of fairies a little girl is told many interesting things about nature.

FOR KING OR COUNTRY. A story of the American Revolution. By James Barnes. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1896.) Pp. 269. $1.50. Interesting and instructive story of twin brothers brought up in a tory family in New Jersey; one, taken to England, remains a royalist; the other becomes an ardent patriot. For boys over 13. Specially approved.

HERMIT PRINCES, THE. A tale of adventure in Japan. By Eleanor Stredder. (New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1897.) Pp. 315. $1.00. Deals with Japanese politics and customs, and tells much about the Ainios. For readers over 14.

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THROUGH THE FARMYARD GATE. Rhymes and Stories for Little Children at Home and in Kindergarten. By Poulsson. Illustrated. (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. 1897.) $1.25. For readers under 9.

TO TELL THE KING THE SKY IS FALLING. By Sheila E. Braine. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1897.) Pp. 171. $1.75. A story of two children's visit to fairyland, where they meet many old Mother Goose friends.

VIRGINIA CAVALIER, A. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illustrated. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1897.) Pp. 349. $1.50. Well-written story of Washington's boyhood, with charming sketches of old Virginia life. For children over 12. Specially approved.

WOMEN WHO WIN, OR MAKING THINGS HAPPEN. By William M. Thayer. (New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1896.) Pp. 420. $1.25. Biographical sketches of famous women of the present century. For girls of 16 and over.

YOUNGSTERS OF MURRAY HOME, THE. By M. Ella Chaffey. (New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden. 1896.) Pp. 326. $1.00. The story of a family of lively children in a country home in Australia. For children between 9 and 14.

THE OPEN MYSTERY. A reading of the Mosaic Story. By A. D. T. Whitney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. $1.25.

PIONEERS OF EVOLUTION FROM THALES TO HUXLEY. By Edward Clodd. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

THE PAULINE BENEDICTION. Three sermons preached in the chapel of Manchester College, Oxford. By James Drummond, M. A., LL. D. Philip Green, Essig Street, Strand, London, W. C.

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HISTORY OF JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, AND OTHER STORIES, THE. Based on the tales in Andrew Lang's "Blue Fairy Book." Longmans' Supplementary Readers. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.) Pp. 111. $0.20. An abridgement for little children.

HOW DICK AND MOLLY SAW ENGLAND. By M. H. Cornwall Legh. (New York: Edward Arnold. 1897.) Pp. 312. $1.50. An account of the travels of two children with their parents, containing much curious and valuable information. For readers between 9 and 14.

LITTLE PETERKIN VANDIHE; THE STORY OF HIS FAMOUS POETRY PARTY. (Boston: Alpha Publishing Co.) Pp. 154. $1.00. A slight story, charmingly illustrated, of how a little boy turned his own pleasure to the service of some Country Week children.

MAKING OF A HERO, AND OTHER STORIES FOR BOYS, THE. By Mrs. George E. Paull. (New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revel Co. 1896.) Pp. 87. $0.50. A good collection of short stories for boys. For readers of 10 and 12.

MERRY FIVE, THE. By Penn Shirley. The Silver Gate Series. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1896.) Pp. 155. $0.75. A pleasant story of the vacation of five Californian children. For readers between 9 and 14.

ORANGE AND GREEN. A tale of the Boyne and Limerick. By G. A. Henty. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) Pp. 352. $1.50. A good, impartial story of the beginning of the Protestant and Catholic strife in Ireland. For readers over 12.

PALACE ON THE MOOR. By Eleanor Davenport Adams. (New York: Edward Arnold. 1896.) Pp. 192. $1.00. A spirited and wholesome story, with good lessons of moral courage. For readers between 9 and 14.

PLANTS AND THEIR CHILDREN. By Mrs William Starr Dana. Illustrated. (New York: American Book Co.) Pp. 272. $0.65 net. A good book for teachers to read with little children. Attractive and suggestive.

TOBY'S PROMISE. By A. M. Hopkinson. Illustrated. (New York: Edward Arnold.) Pp. 190. $1.00. A story of a little boy of 8, who keeps a difficult promise very honorably. For children between 9 and 14. Specially approved.

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—*Exchange.*

The Czar of Russia has ordered that hereafter all criminals condemned to imprisonment in Siberia shall be conveyed there by railway, instead of being compelled to march.—*Friends, Intelligencer and Journal.*

Old and New.

Owing to many unreasonable complaints, a post-office official has found it necessary gravely to announce that the United States mail is indifferent to lovers, and that delayed letters are not withheld out of malice.—*The Christian Leader.*

The nautilus has hitherto been so inaccessible to the student that its embryology has never been examined. At length Dr. Willey, late of Columbia College, has gone to New Guinea, and after keeping numbers of the nautilus in a large cage, sunk to the depth of three fathoms, in the sea of the Loyalty Island, has had the good fortune to secure the spawn. Each egg is as large as a grape, and is deposited separately by the mother-nautilus, whereas they are deposited in bunches by the squid. The nautilus is trapped in baskets by the natives of some of the Melanesian Islands and used as food.—*Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.*

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From the Diary of COL. WILLIAM A. TRIMBLE, of Hillsboro, O.

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By MARTIN LUTHER.

WAS THE CHURCH RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INQUISITION? (Illustrated.) By DR. PAUL CARUS.

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By GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, Brighton, England.

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With Portrait of Schiller.

GEORGE JULIAN HARNEY, the Last of the Chartists.
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Is There More Than One Buddhism? In reply to Dr. Ellinwood. H. DHARMAPALA, Ceylon.
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The Religion of Islam. PERE HYACINTHE LOYSON, Paris. With portrait. (*May or June.*)
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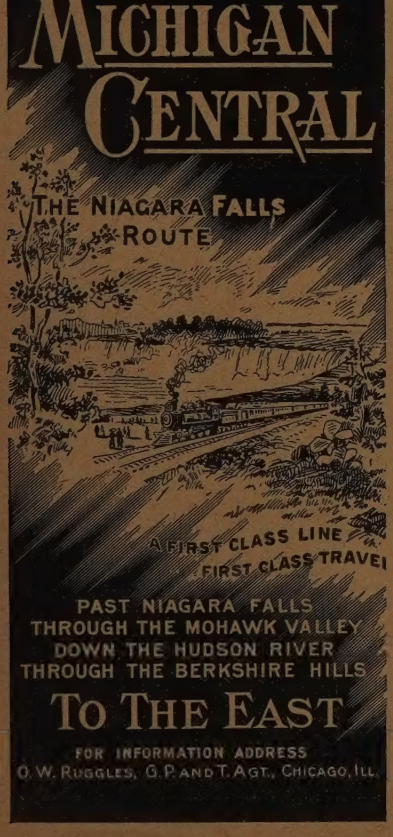
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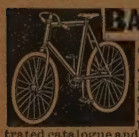

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Progress of Medical Science in Treating the Lungs.

Extracts from Dr. Hunter's Lectures.

(Continued from last week.)

Now that we have the means of healing the lungs with certainty, it is important that the people know what different diseases affect our breathing organs—how they arise, in what way they lead to consumption, how consumption can be prevented, and the principles which govern its curative treatment.

The diseases that directly endanger the breathing organs are catarrh of the head and throat, influenza ("grip"), laryngitis, bronchitis, asthma, pneumonia, and consumption.

Of these all except consumption are caused by colds, which result in congestion of the mucous lining of the air passages and lungs. Whenever the body becomes chilled, the blood is driven from the external to the internal surfaces. This rush of blood produces in the part to which it is driven what is known as congestion. Unless the congestion is quickly relieved the blood stagnates in the capillaries, causing irritation and ending in inflammation.

If the blood be driven to the head and throat, it produces the inflamtnatory condition called catarrh, influenza, or la grippe. If it be driven to the upper windpipe, it causes laryngitis. If to the tubes of the lungs, bronchitis or asthma results, according to the form it takes. When the whole structure of the lung is involved in congestion it produces pneumonia.

These diseases all first occur in an acute form, and may end fatally as acute inflammations of the part affected. Acute pneumonia and bronchitis cause almost as many deaths each year as does consumption itself.

In most cases, however, colds and congestions soon lose their acute character, settle into a chronic state, and linger on for months or years before ending in consumption.

Consumption is the natural ending of all chronic inflammations of the mucous lining of the air passages and lungs. The way they act in producing consumption is to cause an abrasion of the epithelium, which exposes a raw surface in the lung to the attack of the germs of the air.

No consumption can arise without the attack of the bacilli, and the bacilli have no power to attack the lung until a raw surface is exposed for them to work upon. It follows, therefore, that we save from consumption by curing the chronic catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, or pneumonia which causes the raw surface in the lungs upon which the bacilli fasten, and we cure consumption by destroying the bacilli in the lungs and healing the wounds they have inflicted upon them.

No inflammatory disease of the air passages of the lungs is curable by taking medicines by the stomach. The only hope known to medical science lies in the air the patient breathes. What is required is not a mere change of air, but air medicated according to the requirements of the disease. By putting soothing, cleansing, and healing medicine into the air, all bronchial and pulmonary diseases of an inflammatory nature are promptly arrested and broken up. For consumption we, in addition, charge the air with antiseptic germicides to destroy and expel the tubercle bacilli, on which all the danger to the patient depends.

(To be continued next week.)

NOTE.—Readers of this paper who are interested in the great work being done by Dr Hunter in lung diseases can obtain his books free, giving full information about the home treatment of all lung complaints, by addressing

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